

THE COLLEGIAN



St. Joseph's College
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA



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The Muse of Aeolian Song

Whenever art, culture, or beauty is the theme for thought, fancy, as a rule, inadvertantly wanders back to the island of Lesbos famed already in very early antiquity for its natural beauty, its lyric poetry, its aesthetic influence on the life of the ancients. From the fascinating visions of the island's heroic past there has come down to us a record of the greatest of the Lesbian lyric poets, of Sappho, "the Tenth Muse."

Concerning Sappho's life, the lapse of twenty-five centuries have not left us many authentic facts. This first great historical woman of the Greeks lived at Mytilene in Lesbos, at the end of the seventh and at the beginning of the sixth century before the Christian era. She was the daughter of Scamandronymus and Cleis, and had two brothers, Larichus and Charaxus. Larichus was a cupbearer at Mytilene—an office reserved for noble youths—while Charaxus was a wine merchant by trade, with morals that would lead us to believe that he quite frequently imbibed too freely of his own choice wines. This Charaxus, it seems, must have been a sort of a "black sheep" in the family, for, falling into ill repute, he brought great sorrow and sadness to his gifted sister; in one of the fragments preserved to us she vainly implores that he should forget the past and should return:

"Sweet Nereids, grant to me
That home unscathed my brother may return
And every end for which his soul shall yearn
Accomplished see!"

Fame has not kept the block from soaking up the gore of many a noble head, neither did it preserve Sappho immune from exile, for the year 596 B. C. witnessed her departure from Lesbos and her arrival as a stranger in Sicily. Her family had belonged to the old Lesbian aristocracy; the ascendancy of the tyrants, whom the nobility had fought so bitterly, brought the edict of banishment for all those of high estate. Although there is no evidence that Sappho had let her services to the side on which lay her sympathies, she likewise endured expatriation along with the others of noble descent. Some years later, through the generosity of the tyrant Pittacus, the noted poetess was permitted to return to the "Home of Muses," as she called her abode. The remaining years, happily spent with a number of kindred spirits, were devoted to poetic activity and to the elevation of womankind. In this connection it might be pertinent to remark that to Sappho belongs the credit of having founded the first woman's club; hence, modern suffragettes should, as it were, venerate her as their patroness. How long Sappho lived we cannot tell, while how and where she died are also unknown. If certain allusions made by writers in an old Anthology are to be relied upon, her tomb was for centuries afterwards venerated by her admirers.

The foregoing contains the very few facts which we can positively state concerning the life of Sappho. Myth and legend have tried to supply what is lacking, while those scandalmongers, the Greek comic poets, with the threads of fancy, have woven on the loom of the imagination all sorts of stories about this "Muse's" immoral manner of life. Little faith, however, can be fixed to these stories, for even if the untrustworthiness of comedy as a source of history were not evident on the very surface, the mythical

nature of the tales as told could be gathered from the fact that they represent as her lovers, men who lived quite a long time either before or after the muse, Sappho. It is quite likely, moreover, that these dramatists had in mind a different woman, other than the poetess, Sappho, as they often spell her name 'Sapho.' No one claims that the "Aeolian Muse" was a woman of austere virtue, but she was one of the best of her race. Not in any stanza of hers preserved to us is there even a trace of wantonness. Certain it is that modern students of classic literature hold a high opinion of the talented poetess; there is little likelihood, they maintain, that one who has expressed such elevating sentiments in her poetry could be given to downright lasciviousness.

The complete works of Sappho must have been considerable, for it is well known that she was a famous composer of epithalamia, or wedding-songs, as well as the writer of numerous epigrams, elegies, and invocatory hymns. But, while the dust of ages was thickly gathering on the shards of the Lesbian temples, mute reminders of the great culture they once represented, the melodious songs of Sappho were being slowly effaced by the ravages of time. At the present day there are left as precious heirlooms only two complete poems together with numerous fragments, the total comprising in all not more than three hundred lines. These are indeed "grains of golden sand which the torrent of Time has carried down to us."

An individual so intense as Sappho, with such refined sensibilities and keen intuitions, naturally possessed an ardent love of nature. Every aspect of nature seems to have appealed to her; various

fragments show her power in expressing its charm. Of the morning she says:

“Early uprose the golden-sandalled Dawn.”
And of the evening:

“Evening, all things thou bringest
Which Dawn spread apart from each other;
The lamb and the kid thou bringest,
Thou bringest the boy to his mother.”

And of the night:

“And dark-eyed Sleep, child of Night.”

Likewise she speaks of the

“Rainbow, shot with a thousand hues.”
The bruised tendrils of the hyacinth touch her heart
with pity and she mourns for them as they lie dying,
“As when the shepherds on the hills
Tread underfoot the hyacinths,
And on the ground the purple flower lies
crushed.”

Thus she goes on in clear, sparkling verse. The lines here quoted give only a few instances of the charming language in which this poetess expressed her love of the beautiful. Sappho's was a nature that was truly poetical, and hers was the talent to interpret the emotions called forth by such a nature, in language at once overpowering and delicate; in this respect she surpasses by far her more modern parallels, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and, to be sure, Anna Bradstreet, the “Tenth Muse” of American song.

To Sappho the world pays tribute in lines of her own invention:

“O fair—O sweet!
As the sweet apple blooms high on the bough,
High of the highest, forgot of the gatherers;
So thou:
Yet not so: nor forgot of the gatherers;
High o’er their reach in the golden air,
O sweet—O fair!

As long as the human heart has passions, as long as there be a love of the beautiful, so long shall men treasure up those precious fragments that reveal the magic touch of Sappho’s genius; so long shall they cherish those exquisite, soul-haunting melodies written centuries ago by the “Muse of Aeolian Song.”

Carl Gates, '28.

Tom Landor---Star Reporter

Tom Landor strode from the office of the “Herald,” Atlanta’s best newspaper, in a sullen mood and in a somewhat despondent state of mind. Fate seemed ever to elude his grasp, for never had a big story “broken” on his beat; and so Tom trudged along through life with the comparatively modest salary of forty dollars a week and a reputation, mainly at the office, of never having reported a real story; a reputation which Tom most vigorously resented, true, but which he was unable to remedy. With a feeling of honest jealousy, for the ever successful reporter, Tom began his daily beat as mere Tom Landor—and nothing more. But one day as he rounded a corner of the busiest section of the city, he suddenly and most forcibly met with a fleeing man, crying at the top of his voice: “Murder, murder, police, murder!”

As Tom approached the scene with quickened step, he felt himself swept along by a crowd of eager and inquisitive spectators. People were hastening hither and thither in a frantic endeavor to learn some detail of the crime. The police were busily endeavoring to disperse the gathering crowds. Several tense moments followed! Two men were carefully carried to a nearby shelter where an ambulance was waiting.

"Who got hurt? What's the matter? What has happened? Who's in the ambulance?"

Such were the inquiries that greeted Tom's ears as he busily took note of the surroundings in an attempt to learn something more definite concerning the tragedy. He paused for a moment: then fairly jumped to the realization that his hour had come. "Would this story make a 'hit' with the managing editor?" He did not stop to answer the question but felt sure that the incident would boost his moderate reputation, and, incidentally also, the salary of Atlanta's "Obscurest Reporter."

With more speed than fluency and coherence of diction, Tom was made to understand by several bystanders, who had witnessed the tragedy, that Postmaster Sewell had been shot by a man they thought to be a former employee of the Postoffice Department; and, that having shot the postmaster, the man had also turned the gun upon himself. Hurrying to the morgue, Tom was informed of the real identity of the assassin—an erratic-mannered stranger, who had been occupying a furnished room in an uptown boarding house. This truth of the real identity of the man was later confirmed by the police, who, for some unknown reason, had been endeavoring to suppress it. With true Ulyssean cunning Landor hur-

ried to the murderer's lodging ahead of the detectives. The proprietor of the lodging, a middle-aged lady, answered the bell.

"I want to examine the room of one of your boarders," he said. "A short while ago he shot a man, and then killed himself. I believe his name is Miller."

"Oh! and he was such a fine man," sobbed the lady in true feminine style. "Never late for meals and always so punctual with his bills. He mumbled something as he left this morning about not returning for dinner, but I never suspected that anything was wrong, until—just a minute ago when the police phoned, I learned that something dreadful had happened!"

"Too bad," sighed Tom, sympathetically.

"Yes, and just think," continued the lady, "at first they thought he was my boy, and they didn't want me to know what happened."

"Well, that's strange," commented the eager reporter.

"But then," continued the lady, "when I told them that he was just nothing but a boarder here, and a nice and punctual fellow and all that, they finally told me what happened. The police particularly stated that I was to admit no reporters," concluded the lady, suspecting Tom's identity.

Knowing that further argument and hesitation would prove both futile and detrimental to his cause, Tom suddenly threw back the lapel of his coat and gave the astonished lady a momentary glance at the fire badge pinned underneath.

"See that," he said in his most formal tone. "I'm the district coroner, and in a case like this the coroner comes even before the police. It is my official duty to examine the effects of this man, and it is, moreover, your duty to assist me in every way possible. If you refuse, I shall prosecute you."

Forced into submission by the ready wit of Landor, the woman admitted him, led him up the rickety stairs to the room formerly occupied by Miller, and in less than five minutes Tom had obtained the desired information, namely, that the man was a homicidal maniac, a former inmate of an asylum. His writings showed that for a long time he had been nursing an imaginary grudge against Sewell, whom he believed to be withholding from him certain important private letters.

Landor rushed from the house to the nearest pay-telephone station and in less than half an hour the "Herald" was on the street with an extra, giving the real name of the assassin and his motive for shooting Sewell. And so Tom's big story broke at last. Besides, he had scooped all the other papers. The rival papers came out two hours later with the same information, learned from the detectives, but now too late to be of any interest. And the next day Tom strode from the office, not as mere Tom Landor, but rather as Tom Landor, "Star reporter of Atlanta's best newspaper."

Marcellus Foltz, '28.

Mischief--Apples--Mischief

That mischief can show itself in more varieties than the chameleon can disguise itself in colors is a fact crystal clear to anyone who has had experience with both chameleon and mischief. The most perplexing quality of mischief in all its varieties is the sly agility with which it dons the robe of innocence when the shrewd mind of some one or other investigator traces it to its source. What else could mischief be when laid bare under analysis but a harmless shrug of the shoulder, a playful bit of badinage, a squint of the eye, an accidental guffaw, or even a good-humored poke in the ribs. Anger, however, is aroused, vexation is felt, revenge is harbored, the victim sees "red," so that the good eye which was optimistic changes to a bad eye with misty optics.

Now all these matters are very personal and human; what could they have to do with apples, anyway? Well, an apple hidden away under the covering of a mere dumpling, if it be eaten before it is well baked, may do the eater as much and more harm in and about the stomach, as the worst kind of "haymaker" could do in a genuine prize fight, as some readers may know from personal experience. Even if, however, the apple never comes near to an oven; even if the best or worst of cooks never lays hold of it; there remains with the apple, in its purely natural state, a potency for mischief that has most hoodoos, jinxes, and mascots beat by a mile at their own games. To support this contention, illustrations could be adduced as numerous as blackbirds in a spring-time cornfield.

Thus, in 843 at the treaty of Verdun, German

Louis and French Charles sought to hand each other an Eris-Apple. This may not have been a real apple, but by connotation it belongs to that obnoxious species of fruit. At any rate, since neither one of the two was dunce enough to take it and be satisfied, a quarrel ensued that kept Germany and France fighting for a thousand years. Equally as full of mischief was the golden-ripe apple that Paris of ancient Troy gave to the goddess, Venus, instead of giving it to the goddess, Juno, who really wanted it. In consequence of the mistake about this apple a movement was set on foot by Juno that caused all the Greeks to run to Troy, and caused the Trojans to run all over the world; thus giving rise to several epic poems which are the bane of Latin and Greek students to this day. A Punic Apple was brought to Italy by old Hannibal, and, if anything scared the otherwise brave Romans, it was the sight of this apple. It set the Roman armies running for fifteen years from the shaft to the heel of the Italian Boot and back again in the utmost fright. Atalanta in Calydon lost the race with Hippomenes because of apples, and with the race she lost her freedom, for she had to marry him in whose favor the apples worked mischief. Now all this is mischief in perfectly wicked form; but, worse than this, William Tell had to shoot an apple from the head of his little son, and, while the apple wrought no particular mischief in connection with this event, yet, by and through itself, it made this wicked prank a possibility.

By far the most outrageous piece of inhumanity that may be traced directly to the usual mischief of the apple has been given to the world by chroniclers of historical events in connection with the court of Constantinople. The Empress Pulcheria, as the chroniclers relate, held the scepter of royalty dur-

ing the minority of her brother, Theodosius the Second, much as is being done today in Roumania. It was during her reign that a young and beautiful lady, Athenais by name, brought suit at the royal court against her brothers who had deprived her of her inheritance and who were treating her with ruthless disregard. Long before the suit was ended, the Empress Pulcheria had decided in her own mind that Athenais would make a most proper life's companion for her brother, Theodosius, the prospective Emperor. Hence, for Athenais the suit at law turned into a suit for her hand; from a beggarly position she was to be elevated to the dignity of Empress, and Empress she became with the new name, Eudocia. All went well for twenty-two happy years, but now the apple of mischief brought sorrow and ruin to her peaceful and happy days.

Like most Emperors, Theodosius was accustomed to hold occasional and rather brilliant progresses through the streets of his capital. On these occasions the populace was permitted to approach the Emperor for the purpose of saluting him and offering presents together with petitions for favors. It was in the course of one of these progresses that a man who was a perfect stranger in the city of Constantinople approached the Emperor and presented him with an apple of surprising beauty and of most uncommon size. The Emperor thankfully accepted the gift and at once sent it to the Empress, the one-time Athenais. The Empress was astonished at the size and beauty of the apple, and with the intention of causing further surprise with it, had the apple carried as a gift to the royal secretary, Paulinus, without transmitting any notice from whom the apple had come. The royal secretary was anxious to surprise the Emperor and without further ado sent the apple

to him with a formal letter of presentation. The Emperor, needless to say, was surprised to such a degree that a stern frown gathered on his brow. Apple trouble was brewing, and it was easy to see that the fermenting caldron of wrath would soon boil over. Very cautiously he kept the apple concealed; and, upon, returning to the palace, he sought out the Empress and asked her what she had done with the apple that he had sent to her. Now the Empress Eudocia was a born Athenian and in her early youth had been a pagan in faith. Her former pagan training, that involved considerable laxity in respect to telling the truth, for a moment got the ascendancy over her mind, and thus in reply to the Emperor's question she said, "I ate the apple." Quite unceremoniously the Emperor produced the apple to the extreme mortification of the Empress who now fainted away in a burst of tears. After she recovered, to make matters worse for her, she was told that it was a well-established Eastern custom to look upon the sending of an apple to a man as an indication of love, and that by the nature of the present she had sent to Paulinus, the royal secretary, she had brought the odium upon herself in the eyes of the Emperor of being a faithless wife and consort. It must be observed, however, in favor of the Empress that, being a foreigner to the Oriental customs which prevailed at Constantinople—customs that never came to be natural to her in spite of her long residence in that city—her ignorance of the meaning attached to the giving of an apple to a gentleman friend, should really have been a valid excuse for her. No excuse, however, was valid in the eyes of the Emperor Theodosius. His suspicions grew into jealousy, and jealousy blinded him to such a degree that he seized upon the first flimsy pretext to have Paul-

inus executed, who had been a boon companion to the Emperor from school days onward, up to full-blown manhood. Added to this, the Empress was banished to Jerusalem where she spent sixteen years in penance and seclusion. Who will not maintain that the apple was a mischief-maker—a real Iago—in the lives of the personages involved in this story?

In order to whitewash the apple and to make it appear an innocent fruit, John Burroughs wrote a lengthy essay in which his praise of the apple is so profuse, that his readers ever afterwards have been given to devouring apples by the bushel, barrel, and carload. Since no evil has overtaken these persons, and since the practice has been in vogue for a long time already, it may rightly be supposed that the apple has lost its “quondam” tendency to set distressing and wicked pranks on foot among people.

Still better than John Burroughs could do towards bringing the apple to the forefront among fruits in modern times, the lovers of apples have done by inventing the time-worn saw, “An Apple a Day Keeps the Doctor Away.” This is untrue, however, for any man who eats an apple a day will die at his appointed time as well as others do, and it is death alone that keeps the doctor away. But those who like this fruit and believe in the meaning of the old “saw” have made themselves responsible for distributing the apple wherever railroads, steamships, and dogsleds can carry it, little reckoning that most of the evils of which the world in general is complaining may be traced directly to the sinister influence of the apple. If anyone capable of making research will take up the trail and will offer conclusive proof that the apple is even at this day the source of much of the evil and mischief that vex society, his work will certainly entitle him to the Noble Prize.

Charles Anthony, '29.

IN MEMORIAM

"God's finger touched him, and he slept."

After thirty-four years of continuous service at St. Joseph's College, Father Clement Schuette, C. PP. S. was unexpectedly taken by death Monday, February 27, 1928. After his ordination to the priesthood in 1893, he was appointed professor at St. Joseph's College. The history of the institution is almost co-extensive with his services. For twelve years his work included the office of secretary and prefect of studies. For a considerable time, he was assistant at St. Augustine's Parish, Rensselaer, Ind. In more recent years he held the office of spiritual advisor of the Brothers and Sisters at Collegeville, and in September 1927, assumed the duties of spiritual director for the students. Writing from a life of exceptional experience in the Latin language, he edited a Latin grammar, several works of exercises, and the "Hymni Breviarii," which books have been used with marked success in secondary schools throughout the country. In 1923 he received the distinction of membership in the Academia Arcadiae, a society in Rome restricted to men of the Church who have attained to especial recognition in the field of arts and sciences.

The death of Father Clement is a source of deep regret to the students of St. Joseph's. His kind yet exacting personality won for him the esteem of all who came in contact with him; always calm and sym-

pathetic, always energetic and solicitous, he sacrificed his life for the benefit of others. With the death of Father Clement, there has vanished from St. Joseph's College a most potent source of joy and kindness; a kindly disposition which offered aid in difficulty and hope in darkness. His life was an inspiration; his memory a benediction.

Funeral services were conducted Wednesday morning at 8:30 o'clock in the college chapel. The Solemn Requiem High Mass, celebrated by Father Vitus Schuette, C. PP. S., brother of Father Clement, assisted by the Rev. Edward Freiburger, the Rev. James McCarthy, and the Rev. Clifford Reed, as deacon, sub-deacon, and master of ceremonies respectively, was preceded by the solemn chanting of the Office of the Dead. At the close of Mass, a beautiful and appropriate sermon was delivered by the Rev. Joseph Kenkel, C. PP. S., Ph. D., rector of St. Joseph's College. Father Kenkel also led in the prayer recitation for the deceased Father Clement and conducted the final services of absolution.

Visiting clergy at the funeral were: the Rev Vitus Schuette, C. PP. S., New Riegel, Ohio; the Rev. Victor Magsam, Logansport, Ind.; the Rev Lawrence Monahan, Lafayette, Ind.; the Rev. James McCarthy, Lafayette, Ind.; the Rev. Edward Freiburger, Lafayette, Ind.; the Rev. Clifford Reed, Delphi, Ind.; the Rev. Benno Holler, C. PP. C., Pulaski, Ind.; the Rev. James Connelly, Indiana Harbor, Ind.; the Rev. Stanislaus Neiburg, C. PP. S., Rensselaer, Ind.; the Rev.

James Fitzgerald, Oxford, Ind.; the Rev. Edward Vurpillat, East Chicago, Ind.; the Rev. John Kostik, C. PP. S., Hammond, Ind.; the Rev. Fred Rothermel, Reynolds, Ind.

"MOTHER CAROLINE"

Rev. Didacus Brackmann, C. PP. S., Alumnus '99, and Rector of St. Joseph's from 1925 to 1927, at present Chaplain of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has recently written a biographical sketch of Mother Caroline, First Commissary General of the Sisters of Notre Dame in the United States. The pamphlet is a classic both of biographical and of ascetical literature. In this intimate sketch of the noble Sister's life, the author shows how the lessons of Christian perfection, taught to Mother Caroline from childhood and practiced by her all her life, guided her in successfully and prosperously directing the infant Congregation of the Sisters of Notre Dame. The pamphlet is, moreover, interesting as a history of the beginning and growth of the Congregation in this country. The Collegian extends heartiest congratulations to the author of this excellent work.

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It is not the object of this paper to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary College journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect college work and college life. It is edited by the students in the interest of the students and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian.

Rev. Meinrad Koester, C. PP. S. -----Faculty Director

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EDITORIAL

Ash Wednesday has ushered in the season of Lent for the Christian world. In her beautiful ritual, the Church has again admonished poor, frail man in those solemn and awful words, "Memento, homo, quia pulvis es, et in pulverem reverteris." These words are both an admonition and a norm for correct living, for judged in this light, every human action receives its recompense in unmistakable praise or blame. Beneath this outer cloak of sombre admonition, however, there exists the glowing warmth of peace and satisfaction, derived only from the realization of duty well done. True joy and happiness

spring from the fountains of sacrifice and self-denial. Only from these fountains of sacrifice can flow that peace and contentment which should reign supreme on Easter morn. As the Resurrection marked the glorious culmination of a life of suffering, the supreme victory of One so eagerly expected, yet so reluctantly received, so also in the hearts of Christians should Easter be a festivity of triumph. "That men might learn to be as He had been, to follow in His glowing footsteps up to the shining throne of His Almighty Father"—this is the lesson of Lent; this is the consolation of Easter.

Library Notes

Whenever a new book was published, it was customary with Charles Lamb to read an old one. Wanderers in the dense wood-pulp forests of the Valley of Books at present would do well, with few limitations, to copy the custom of genial Charles Lamb. Modern readers, however, need not go to the extreme of substituting the ancient Egyptian "Book of the Dead" for Mazo de la Roche's "Jalna;" "The Maxims of Ta Hoteph" for Booth Tarkington's "Claire Ambler;" nor need the modern book-lover pass up "Trader Horn" or Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop" for the works of Massinger, Walton, and Browne. If the reader will but turn back over two centuries to Jonathan Swift, and in doing so, will not neglect Dickens, Thackeray, and Carlyle, he will receive more profit from his books than he will from a frenzied effort to keep up with the book, or books, of the month as advertised at present.

An acquaintance with books, and in particular a

love for those books which "the winnowing hand of Time" has preserved because "of abiding worth and universal human interest" are necessary before a reader can make permanent literary judgments. The book-lover should regard such books as "Gulliver's Travels," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Pickwick Papers," and "Vanity Fair" not only as entertaining stories, plays, or novels, but also as yard-sticks by which he may measure the size of other books which he reads.

Of the books mentioned, the one most frequently read and misunderstood in childhood, and the one usually neglected in manhood is Jonathan Swift's "Gulliver's Travels." Once understood, this prose Odyssey is a terrible, but at the same time a great book. If the satire of Swift were more similar to that of Horace, and less like that of Lucian and Juvenal one's admiration of the uncompromising earnestness of Swift might be more commensurable with one's admiration of his mastery of prose. In the ability to make his most grotesque creations convincingly life-like, Dean Swift is unsurpassed in literature. Few writers have surpassed him in originality. The youthful writer, who is striving to acquire a direct, vigorous, and simple prose style, should not fail to study Lemuel Gulliver's Travels in Lilliput, Borbdingnag, and Laputa.

Quite in contrast to the pessimistic Swift is the innocent, dreamy Oliver Goldsmith. In 1773 when the taste of the age called for regular, vapid, sentimental plays, Goldsmith violated the conventions with a comedy made up of a series of hearty humorous scenes. "She Stoops to Conquer" achieved an immediate triumph. This comedy of manners became so popular that a century later a London theater

ran it for one hundred consecutive nights. Even to this day "the mistakes of a night," brought about by Tony Lumpkins' practical joke, brings volleys of laughter from appreciative modern audiences. This perennially popular comedy can be read during a Sunday afternoon or its equivalent in time.

Because many of his songs touch the heart in its deepest feelings, appeal to all ranks, touch all ages, "and cheer toil-worn men under every clime," the poems of Bobby Burns hold an unchallenged place in literature. Burns' lyrical gifts were of a nature that allowed him to sing on such widely dissimilar subjects as "To Mary in Heaven," and "To a Mouse" with equal ease. While men were searching for beauty in distant fields, Burns showed that beauty could be found at one's own door. Only carefully selected volumes of Burns' verse should be read, since he wrote a number of very unsavory poems.

Whenever the novel is mentioned, the names of Dickens and Thackeray come to mind. One can hardly say he knows what the term novel implies until he has read "Vanity Fair" or "The Pickwick Papers." Probably the best of Dickens—a sample of everything that goes into his other novels—can be found in the adventures of the innocent Mr. Pickwick and his wise servant, the inimitable Sam Weller. While rigorous restraint becomes necessary in order to bring true pathos into a story, just the reverse is true when an attempt is made at bringing true humor into a story. To reach the heights of humor, the author must throw off the bridle, and that is what Dickens does in "The Pickwick Papers." Though Dickens' characters may never be encountered in real life, yet to a reader of Dickens they appear real enough to make him expect to meet them in the flesh at any time.

A person does not always find beautiful sights in a mirror, but the mirror should not be criticized for that. The "sets of people living without God in the world, greedy, pompous men, perfectly self-satisfied for the most part, and at ease about their superior virtue" that are mirrored by Thackeray in his "Vanity Fair" are to be found in this world, and Thackeray should not be called a cynic for holding them up to the world's contempt—not for the world's emulation. All the leading characters of "Vanity Fair" are real, but in Becky Sharp Thackeray has created a masterpiece—a female character that takes her place among the immortals of fiction.

The best way to study the authors mentioned in these notes is to read them, not of them. One reading of "Pickwick Papers," "Vanity Fair," or any other classic of English literature is worth dozens of essays or volumes treating of Dickens, Thackeray, Goldsmith or of their fellow geniuses.

Thomas Corcoran, '29.

Exchanges

The larger colleges and universities of our country generally publish both a news journal and a literary magazine: the one a monthly or a quarterly, the other a daily, weekly, or bi-weekly paper. This plan, wherever it is possible, obviates the difficult question, whether news or scholarly pursuits should predominate in the school journal. The paper silences those who call for interesting and speedy news accounts of school activities; the magazine satisfies those who desire a well-balanced, mature, literary magazine. On our exchange list Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington, and St. Mary's College, St.

Mary's, Kansas, represent this twofold plan.

The Gonzaga Bulletin appears semi-monthly. It embodies the principles of correct journalism throughout, namely, accuracy and interest. **The Gonzaga Quarterly** is in every respect classic and well-developed. It receives contributions, not only from undergrads, but from alumni as well. The Latin poems in the November issue display an uncommon mastery of the classics.

The Dial is the quarterly published by St Mary's College. It likewise incorporates literary thoroughness and high standards. In the poems of Kenton Kilmer we see reflected in the mirror of youthful vigor and genius the poetic excellence of his gifted father. **The Dial** is indeed fortunate in having Mr. Kilmer among its contributors. The essays and stories are likewise noteworthy: packed with thought and polished in diction. **The Hour Glass** is St. Mary's semi-monthly. "The Little Brother of the Dial" deserves honorable mention for its editorials. In other respects it readily measures up to the best of college papers.

Both Gonzaga and St. Mary's may well pride themselves in their publications. None of them is any longer in the experimental stage. Their work is the result of years of trial. In consequence they show a finished, fixed character. One addition, however, in the form of an exchange department we should like to see in the magazines. Although neither the **Dial** nor the **Gonzaga Quarterly** benefit greatly from the criticism of other papers, nevertheless, the recipients of their criticism might well utilize the experience that they have acquired.

From fire-stricken Subiaco College, Subiaco,

Arkansas, comes the fire-edition of the **Periscope**, telling of the disaster which befell Subiaco on December 21, of the energetic means taken to rebuild, and of the sympathy and encouragement received from friends and admirers throughout the country. We must admire the courage of the editors, who managed to get out this issue of the **Periscope** in spite of the disheartening obstacles before them. Evidently, even the elements cannot destroy the dauntless spirit and enthusiasm which shine forth in every number of the **Periscope**, so that we have every reason to feel confident that since school work has been resumed, Subiaco's monthly will visit us regularly with its usual cheerful, inspiring message.

The **Burr**, West Philadelphia Catholic High School, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, is one of the foremost of our high school exchanges. The arrangement leaves nothing to be desired. Cuts are clever. "The Texan" is deserving of the high honor which it received. "How to Read" contains valuable points by which reading should be guided.

The **Blue and White** is a monthly visitor from Catholic Central High School, Grand Rapids, Michigan. There is much to admire in this attractive, well-arranged, magazine. The Sophomore issue is one of the best. "Woodrow Wilson" is an unbiased, well-written, summary of the life of our war president. The appreciations of Longfellow and Lowell in the February issue are grateful tributes to these greatest of American poets. The touching ballad "Mary Lee" is of true poetic quality.

In addressing their copies, exchanges should please take note that the **Cheer**, the former publication of St. Joseph's College, no longer exists except in happy memory. Please address exchanges to the **Collegian**.

The Collegian gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges, received since our February issue:

Purple and White	Rensselaerien
Wag	Notre Dame News
Centric	Black and Red
Loyola News	Sigma
Campionette	Mother Seton Journal
Nazarene	Marymount College Sunflower
Chronicle	St. Joseph's Gleaner
Wilson High School Echo Tower	

Locals

Recent visitors at the College were: The Rev. Philip Hartman, Tucson, Ariz.; The Rev. George Niekamp, C. PP. S., Chicago, Ill.; The Rev. Ambrose Kohne, Gary, Ind.; The Rev. Gerard Heffels, S. V. D., Techny, Ill.; The Rev. John Schaeffer, Gary Ind.; The Rev. Eugene Davis, Cincinnati, Ohio; The Rev. Francis Guerre, Gary, Ind.; The Rev. William Shine, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. Edward Schaeffer, Hammond, Ind.; Mr. William Craick, East Chicago, Ind.; Rev. John Raycroft, C. PP. S., Detroit, Mich.; The Rev. Louis Benkert, C. PP. S., Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. Sidney Landon, interpretative artist, entertained and instructed his audience in the College auditorium on February 5. By privilege of Mr. Landon's art the spectators easily seemed to listen, not to Mr. Landon, but to the real characters whom he portrayed. Thackeray was present to tell us about snobs; Mark Twain read his "Birthday Speech" and at the same time evinced his interest in Hannibal, Missouri. Tennyson's inspirational "Crossing The

Bar" and Kipling's beautiful "L'Envoi" were appreciated by the students. The characterization which pleased the majority was the pathetic picture of Poe as he spoke his sorrowful "Annabelle Lee." Although pathos was present still humor had its place. Bill Nye's use of the Delsarteian system of expression will not be erased from the memories of the audience. The students of expression especially noted the importance of fundamentals, namely, change of pitch, inflection, pause, and touch. Mr. Landon's interpretations were beautiful; they manifested real art.

The Collegian wishes to use this opportunity to extend the sincere sympathy of the staff and of the student body to Charles Magsam in his recent bereavement. To be deprived of the wise and kind counsel of a mother's advice is sad indeed. There is much consolation, however, in the hope that sometime we shall celebrate an everlasting reunion in the life beyond the grave.

By a happy arrangement the students were given a free-day on February 21 instead of the 22, which latter date fell on Ash Wednesday of this year. The second session inaugural program of the C. L. S. opened the festivities on Monday evening. Every member was applauded zestfully. On the following morning the boys availed themselves of a general permission to go to the country. Roasts of the frankfurter and marshmallow variety were much in favor. A splendid mystery play, "The Cat and the Canary" featuring Laura La Plante was screened at the Palace Theatre in the afternoon. Who can forget the thrill occasioned when Mr. Crosby, the lawyer in the play, dropped out of the secret panel!

On Ash Wednesday morning the Rev. Rector celebrated a High Mass after the distribution of ashes. On account of his illness, Father Clement Schuette was not able to give the regular conference on Wednesday evening. In his place the Rev. Louis Benkert, C. PP. S., a well-known and popular missionary and retreat master, who happened to be a guest of the College, delivered a fine address. His subject was gratitude. Lenten resolutions were put into force by the individual students with unusual sincerity. It is hoped that these resolutions will not be broken so that Easter may be enjoyed to the fullest extent.

The annual Alumni Essay contest opened on Ash Wednesday. The first two prizes are gold medals, while the third place carries a public mention on the Commencement Day program. The prize which every contestant receives was not noted. That common prize is personal benefit through the work done on the essay. Each and every student, regardless of class, will receive this reward if he but makes the necessary effort. Individual students should begin now in order to have a really good essay prepared for the closing date which is May first.

Alumni Notes

The prospective seminarian contemplates the study of philosophy and theology at the American College in Rome with a sense of awe and mystery. That distant shore becomes a land of wonder and enchantment to him. Resultant from this sentiment the letters of friends studying in the Holy City are read with intense interest and scrutiny. The letters of

Paul Russel are not in the least disappointing. While Paul's correspondence breathes the true spirit of the seminary, it also makes interesting revelations concerning his student life, as well as of the sight-seeing jaunts in and about the Holy City. According to reports Paul is acquitting himself admirably in his foreign environment.

Paul Ameling, who played with the varsity while at St. Joseph's, is enjoying a brilliant athletic career at Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario. His name adorns the front page of "The Purple and White" quite regularly. This season he is captain of the varsity of Assumption College.

The artistic ability of Joseph Bechtold, centering chiefly in music, was well known to all his acquaintances at St. Joseph's. Mr. Bechtold has continued to add to his accomplishments in the field of the "divine art," for recently he broadcasted an entire vocal program over WJPW at Erie, Penn.

The Rev. N. G. Greiwe, C. PP. S., of Fort Recovery, Ohio, apparently is an interested reader of the revived Collegian, for, by way of comment in comparing it with the publication of former days, he says, "I like the idea of a smaller form, at once modest, unassuming, yet solid in contents, interesting, and well-edited." Father Greiwe served in the capacity of professor at St. Joseph's for twenty-three years.

Societies

COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Private meetings of the Columbian Literary Society during the past month have been characterized by exceptional interest and attraction. In the

meeting of February 12, the cast of characters for "Stop Thief" was announced. The play will be presented on the eve of St. Patrick's Day. One of the most delightful Washington's birthday programs presented by the C. L. S. in recent years, was staged on the eve of February 20. When the last lingering strains of the stirring march, "Spirit of the Hour" had been engulfed in the re-echoing applause of an appreciative audience, the curtain was raised, revealing the familiar figure of Cornelius Heringhaus, the first speaker of the evening. Vice-president Heringhaus delivered a neat oration, eulogizing George Washington, the renowned "Father of his Country." He then formally introduced Caspar Heimann, the President of the C. L. S., who presented a remarkably well-written address entitled, "The Keystone of Progress," a beautiful encomium dealing with the Catholic system of education, and the relation of the Church with the progress of civilization. Following this was an excellent debate on the question, resolved: That the present day methods of salesmanship give the public a square deal. The affirmative was successfully upheld by Joseph Hartmann, while the negative side was strongly supported by Joseph Norton. The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative. The second part of the program included a one act play, entitled "Just Two Men." William Meyer and Charles Magsam played their parts most successfully. "Hired and Fired," a nutty skit, featuring Urban Siegrist and Joseph Reitz in a series of ludicrous situations, literally made their listeners shout with appreciative laughter. The final number on the program was a "slam-bang, blackface act" in two scenes, fittingly called "Enough's Enough." It was full of rollicking fun from beginning to end, and formed a fitting close for the evening's entertainment.

“Just Two Men”

Characters

Axel, a Danish sailor -----William Meyer
Jose, a mere lad and sailor to be ---Charles Magsam

“Hired and Fired”

Characters

Carr, a railway division superintendent_Urban Siegrist
Bill Black, applicant for a job -----Joseph Reitz

“Enough’s Enough”

Characters

Chloride	}	-----	Robert Koch
Chronic		the nervous quartet -----	Harold Diller
Guzzle		-----	Emil Meyer
Bromo		-----	James Stapleton
		Agony, the much abused little shrimp --	Jerome Wolf
		Ekzemo, a colored lady, with a room to rent -----	
		-----	Richard Aubrey

Orchestra Selections: Spirit of the Hour; Hun-
garian Melodies; Red Leaves, an Autumn Impression.

NEWMAN CLUB

The outstanding feature of recent Newman Club activities was the installation of the officers for the second term. The various newly-chosen officers expressed their determination to continue the work of the Club with renewed zest. Faithfulness to ideals, sincere efforts, and generous co-operation in the work of the society summarize the spirit which animates the Newman Club as the second semester welcomes their advance. “That the administration will be one that will stand forth in burning letters in the history of the organization” is the ideal which the Newman Club has set for itself, and the members feel con-

fident that success will crown their determined endeavors.

DWENGER MISSION UNIT

The Dwenger Mission Unit held a very well-attended meeting on the eve of Lincoln's Birthday. The meeting was opened with prayer by Father Paluszak, who, in the absence of the Rev. Moderator, presided as Moderator, pro tem. Two interesting speeches were given by Cornelius Flynn and Bela Szmekto, who discoursed upon "Christian Charity" and "The Mexican Exile," respectively. Joseph Schill moved that the mission essay contest be inaugurated. After hot and prolonged discussion the motion was put to a vote and carried. It is the hope of all true Crusaders that this contest will be a pronounced success. The meeting was delightfully terminated with a short address by Father Paluszak, who congratulated and encouraged the Crusaders in their faithful and splendid mission work, and avowed to do anything in his power to help the school-mission unit achieve success in its future endeavors.

RALEIGH SMOKING CLUB

The most enthusiastic and successful "smoker" of the year took place in the Raleigh Smoking Club, on the memorable evening of Lincoln's Birthday. Several boxes of Dutch Masters were opened, and the "fragrant weeds" were dispensed with no great difficulty among the club members. A motion carried to purchase a pennant showing the cardinal and purple school colors, together with the insignia of the R. S. C. Several new members were voted into the club. A very enjoyable and thoroughly novel program was then witnessed by the members.

Charles Spalding, as "Snowball," and Paul Anzinger, as "Useless" two "no 'count niggahs," delighted the audience with their original negro dialect, jokes, and stories. Bart Striker's Sophomore Quartet next entertained with several musical numbers, among which the most enthusiastically received was "Highways," a vocal selection sung by "Dick" Smith, and ably supplemented by Jim Conroy and Fred Cardinali. "My Blue Heaven," a very pleasant cornet solo by Bart Striker, followed. Time having elapsed with regrettable rapidity, the meeting was brought to an abrupt close immediately after the musical program had been completed.

Athletics

HI-SCHOOL TAKES SECOND GAME

In a rather slow and uninteresting game, the High School walked over the College, 31 to 16. The High School players made points at will, the College defense being inadequate to stop the High School. With 15 points to his credit, M. Dreiling was the main cog in the High School's offensive. Martin, Billinger, and Grot played very good for the High School. For the College, Spalding and Anzinger showed up in good form.

LINEUP:—Hi-School: Martin, Cardinali, R. F. M. Dreiling, Conroy, L. F. Billinger, C. Otto, R. G. Grot, L. G. College: Spalding, Corcoran, R. F. Norton, Nieset, L. F. Schill, L. Connor, Pike, C. Lauer, Barge, R. G. Anzinger, L. G. Officials: Babin, referee; Beirman, umpire; H. Reineck, time-keeper; Gibson, scorer.

SENIOR LEAGUE

	W.	L.	Pct.
Fifths -----	6	1	856
Thirds -----	4	2	666
Fourth's -----	4	3	571
Sixths -----	1	4	200
Seconds -----	0	5	000

Thirds 28—Sixths 21. A last minute rally on the part of the Sixths failed to bring victory when the final whistle ended the game. With a high lead to their credit, the Thirds had easy sailing for practically the entire game. Martin and B. Dreiling for the winners starred, while Norton and Nieset of the Sixths played true to form.

Fourth's 31—Thirds 22. With the memory of their first defeat still in mind, the Fourth's avenged this defeat by defeating the fighting Thirds 31 to 22. Led by Manager Otto and Billinger, the Fourth's proceeded to put in one basket after another, until they had secured victory.

Fifths 21—Sixths 13. The Fifths had little difficulty in defeating the Sixths 21 to 13, although the Fifths did not play up to standard. In the final half the Sixths showed more pep and held their opponents to seven points.

Fourth's 24—Seconds 14. Fighting and scrapping, the Seconds suffered another defeat at the hands of the Fourth's, 24 to 14. M. Dreiling was the big gun in the Fourth's' attack, accounting for 15 points. For the Seconds, Cardinali and Conroy played well, keeping their fellow players fighting and full of pep at all times.

Thirds 21—Fifths 17. To the Thirds goes the credit of breaking the Fifths' winning streak. The Thirds played together as one man, while the Fifths

were completely disorganized. B. Dreiling and Jim Maloney of the Thirds carried the brunt of the attack, while Captain Spalding of the losers made 8 points for his team.

Fifths 13—Fourths 10. After bowing to defeat to the Thirds, the Fifths met the hard-playing Fourth and pushed over a victory by the narrow margin of 3 points. Trailing 10 to 9 in the last few minutes of play, the Fifths put on an extra spurt which netted them four points and secured a victory.

“AC” LEAGUE

	W.	L.	Pct.
Fourth _____	3	1	750
Fifth _____	2	1	666
Third _____	2	1	666
Sixth _____	1	2	333
Second _____	0	3	000

Thirds 23—Fourth 11. Hitting the basket from all parts of the floor, the Thirds held a lead during the entire game, and when the final whistle blew the score stood, Thirds 23, Fourth 11. Weiner was high point man for the losers, while Cross and Kern of the Thirds accounted for most of the winner's points.

Fifths 25—Sixth 11. After their first defeat, the Fifths rallied and took the Sixth into camp, 25 to 11. With Linnenberger and Hartke in the fight at all times, the Fifths had no difficulty in piercing the Sixth's defense for many points.

Fourth 32—Second 8. Smothering the Second under an avalanche of baskets, the Fourth walked away with a lopsided victory 32 to 8. The Fourth worked as a unit, hence no individual starred. For the Second, Allgeier and Smith played good games.

Fifths 19—Thirds 10. In a hard fought game, the Fifths downed the Thirds 19 to 10. Both teams were determined to win, and neither team eased up until the final whistle marked the end of the game. The first half of the game went to the Fifths; the final half was a draw.

Fourth 24—Sixth 11. The Sixths tasked another defeat when the flashy Fourth ran around them to win 24 to 11. Van Oss, Weiner, and Hunt did most of the scoring for the Fourth, sinking the ball from far and near. For the losers, Captain Wolf played a good consistent game.

JUNIOR LEAGUE

	W.	L.	Pct.
Hi-Steppers -----	3	0	1000
Flying Aces -----	1	1	500
Basketeers -----	1	1	500
Rosenblooms -----	1	2	333
Wonder-Five -----	0	2	000

Hi-Steppers 11—Flying Aces 10. After going scoreless for the first half, the Flying Aces looped ten points in the final period, only to lose 11 to 10. Frechette and Becker of the winners were the pivot men of their team's attack. For the losers, Garza with 9 points to his credit was the outstanding star of this game.

Basketeers 15—Wonder Five 11. With Manager Sam Homsey back in the game, the Basketeers defeated the Wonder Five 15 to 11. The game was very interesting and lively throughout its duration. J. Kelly of the winners and C. Maloney of the losers were the outstanding stars of the game.

Hi-Steppers 16—Rosenblooms 4. The Hi-Steppers stepped all over the Rosenblooms, and finally stepped off the floor with a victory 16 to 4. Coach Duray of

the Rosenblooms made several substitutions, but his players failed to rally in time to divert the defeat.

MIDGET LEAGUE

	W.	L.	Pct.
Celts -----	5	2	715
Eagles -----	4	2	666
Jokers -----	3	3	500
Arrows -----	3	4	428
Go-Getters -----	2	4	333

Celts 15—Jokers 8. The Celts strengthened their lead on first place by trouncing the Jokers, 15 to 8. Fighting hard up to the end of the game, the Jokers made the Celts step some to win. For the winners Kreinbrink played a very good defensive game. Rieman of the losers played well at running guard.

Arrows 13—Go-Getters 11. With a two point margin to their credit, the Arrows won from the Go-Getters. Toth and Biggins of the winners played good games, while Kruczek and Coleman of the Go-Getters handled themselves in good fashion.

Eagles 13—Celts 6. The Eagles took the winning streak out of the Celts by handing them their first defeat of the season, 13 to 6. For the winners Holland and Joe Maloney played good games, while Bubala of the losers was the chief luminary of his team.

Jokers 17—Arrows 14. After trailing for practically the entire game, the Arrows looped 12 points in the final half only to miss victory by 4 points. Feeney and Kemp of the winners played good games, while Koehn and M. Kelly showed up good for the losers.

Eagles 20—Go-Getters 9. The Eagles kept up their winning spurt by defeating the fast Go-Getters

20 to 9. Led by Mgr. Harris, the Eagles proceeded to claw the Go-Getters early in the game, piling up enough points in the first half to win.

Arrows 11—Celts 6. The Midget-League pennant is still unclaimed, for the Celts, first-place team for three-fourths of the season met another defeat at the hands of the Arrows. Ike Vichuras and M. Kelly of the winners played good games, while Mgr. De Mars and Kreinbrink of the losers carried the brunt of the Celts' attack.

Free Air---Hot and Otherwise

Tramp: "Say, John, I'm awfully hungry, give me a meal, wont you?"

Chinaman: "Like fish?"

Tr: "I sure do like fish."

Chink: "Call Friday."

"I've got a collegiate speedometer on my car."

"How's that?"

"When I go 20 the headlights rattle, when I go 25 the fenders rattle and when I go 30 my bones rattle."

Friend: "You should read Carlyle's 'Essay on Burns'."

Student: "What for; I'm not studying medicine."

Plumber: "I could not find a leak on the sixth floor."

Owner of building: "Well, why didn't you try the seventh floor?"

Pl: "That's another story."

Bo: "Quit bragging, boy. Your college isn't so hot."

Zo: "Isn't eh? Why we're so high class that the football team calls signals in Roman numerals."

If at first you do not succeed double him and match again.

La: "I see you are from Chicago."

Zy: "No, that's just a birthmark."

Dad: "What's worse than being old and bent?"

Son: "Being young and broke."

Encyclopedia Collegvilla: Bacteria: The rear entrance of a cafeteria.

Visitor: "That new clerk you have seems to be a steady young fellow."

Boss: "Yes, if he was any steadier he'd be absolutely motionless."

"Open the portals!"

"Who is it?"

"Duke."

"Duke of what?"

"Duco Finish."

Graduate showing diploma to his Father: "Here's your receipt, Pop."

Jacob: "You cannot swim? How then did you rescue your wife when she fell overboard in mid-ocean?"

Isaac: "I guess you didn't see her throw up her hands with the \$250 bracelets on."

Proud? He's so vain that he thinks 'Hail, hail the gang's all here' is a solo.

"Ain't Cheese Sweet?"

A manufacturer of paint received the following letter: "Please send us some of your striped paint. We need enough for one barber pole."

He: "How did you like the barcarolle at the musicale last night?"

She: "Oh I did not stay for the refreshments."

Barber: "Wet or dry?"

Customer: "What's this, a political campaign?"

Broke: "I pay my wife alimony."

Too: "I give my wife all my money too."

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den—The Crowd Flying Romeos—Har-
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